

NORMAL PEOPLE
EPISODE 1

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&

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Based on

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PICTURES

MARCH.

A large, imposing blue door with a white frame.

It's a bright, cold sort of day.

We hold on the door for a few seconds and then it opens.

MARIANNE (18) is standing in the doorway, her school uniform of a skirt and blouse on.

She tips her head to the side as she sees who she's answered the door to, mouth a little parted, tongue behind her teeth. Her expression is almost inscrutable - but she's not displeased to see them.

CONNELL (18) is standing on the doorstep - his uniform of trousers, shirt and jumper slightly more creased and dishevelled.

MARIANNE

Hey.

He doesn't say anything.

He nods.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Come on in.

He steps inside.

The door shuts.

INT. HALL / KITCHEN. MARIANNE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON, MOMENTS 2
LATER.

CONNELL follows MARIANNE through the hall. It's tiled, big bunches of flowers stand in vases on side tables. The ceiling is high, the staircase wide.

They step down into the kitchen. The room is huge and sterile-looking. Large windows and doors look onto a big, green garden.

LORRAINE (35) enters carrying freshly laundered tea towels.

Marianne hops onto the counter top. She picks up the tub of ice cream in which she has left a teaspoon.

Connell stays near the doorway. As Lorraine passes into the kitchen.

LORRAINE

Marianne was telling me you got
your mock results back today?

Connell glances at Marianne, briefly. She spoons ice cream
into her mouth.

CONNELL

Just English. They come back
separately.

Lorraine looks at him, pointedly, placing the gloves on the
draining board.

LORRAINE

And I hear you did very well?

MARIANNE

He was top of the class.

Connell swallows. Nods. Lorraine is untying her apron.

CONNELL

Right. Well. Marianne did pretty
good too, can we go?

LORRAINE

(raising her eyebrows)
Didn't realise we were in a rush.

He bites his cheeks. Puts his hands in his pockets. Looks
towards the door with a sigh. Marianne watches.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(smiling)
I just have to pop up and take a
load out of the dryer. And then
we'll be off. Immediately. Okay?

He doesn't say anything. Just looks at her as she pulls a
little face and leaves the room.

Marianne holds out the ice cream to him.

MARIANNE

D'you want some?

He pushes his hands further into his pockets. Pulls a face.
Remains in the doorway.

CONNELL

No. Thanks.

MARIANNE

Didn't you get French back today?

CONNELL

Yesterday.

He watches her lick the back of the spoon.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
I got an A1. What did you get in German.

MARIANNE
Are you bragging?

She smiles.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
I got an A1.

CONNELL
You're going to get six hundred are you?

MARIANNE
(shrugging)
You probably will.

CONNELL
You're smarter than me.

She grins.

MARIANNE
Don't feel bad. I'm smarter than everybody.

CONNELL
You're not top of the class in English.

She licks her teeth. Stares at him.

MARIANNE
Maybe you should give me grinds Connell.

She grins.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Make me some study cards. Check my practice papers?

He feels his neck getting red, his ears getting hot. Rubs his neck, looks around.

She is looking at him. He turns to look at her, just as Lorraine enters with a little knock on the open door.

LORRAINE
Good to go?

CONNELL
Yeah.

He lifts himself away from the wall, turning and heading for the door immediately.

MARIANNE
(smiling)
Thanks for everything Lorraine.

CUT TO:

2A INT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE. - MOMENTS LATER 2A
MARIANNE watches as Lorraine and Connell get in Connell's car and drive away. She smiles a little to herself.

3 INT. CONNELL'S CAR. AFTERNOON, MOMENTS LATER. 3
We cut from Marianne's smiling face to CONNELL in the car at the wheel, driving. LORRAINE is in the passenger seat.

LORRAINE
You rob the place while I was upstairs did you?

CONNELL
What?

LORRAINE
The quick getaway.

He doesn't say anything.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
You could've said goodbye.

CONNELL
I did.

She rolls her eyes.

LORRAINE
She doesn't exactly have an easy time of it, Connell. You could try being a bit nicer to her.

CONNELL
I'm nice to her.

He concentrates on the road, not looking at her.

LORRAINE
She's actually a very sensitive person.

CONNELL
Can we talk about something else?

She pulls a face. He pretends not to notice.

LORRAINE
Any other mocks back?

CONNELL
French.

LORRAINE
Was it alright?

CONNELL
Yeah. It was alright.

LORRAINE
There's a surprise.

They both smile, not looking at one another.

3A EXT. CONNELL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON, CONTINUOUS. 3A

CONNELL and LORRAINE exit the car and walk into their house.

4 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON, SAME. 4

MARIANNE is lying on her bed. Music is on - something we wouldn't necessarily expect a teenage girl to be listening to.

Her bedroom is big. Shelves are full of books. Her desk is neat and sitting underneath a large window. The walls are almost bare, save for a framed photograph. Something like Francesca Woodman but a little more obvious.

Her knees are bent. She rests a book on her thighs - she's trying to read, but she's distracted.

She rolls over onto her stomach. Pushes her face into the duvet.

5 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON, SAME. 5

CONNELL is sitting at his desk, surrounded by books and papers. He's momentarily lost in thought.

His bedroom is small - the desk crammed up against the bed, nearly hitting the doorframe.

A plate with a half eaten cheese toastie and an apple core balances on top of a pile of books.

The walls are covered in posters. Above the desk are photographs of him and his friends on nights out - smiling, drunk, red faced.

He writes and takes bites of his toastie at the same time.

6

INT. KITCHEN, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. EVENING.

6

It's starting to get dark outside. The room feels cold and oppressive.

MARIANNE is sitting at the table, eating a salad and some heated up leftovers - lasagne or a pie or something. The dish is on the side on a mat.

The front door slams shut - she looks up. The noise of someone removing their coat, putting their keys on the hook, and then Marianne's mother - DENISE (mid 50s) enters.

She's elegant, well dressed, wearing heels and a smart suit, lipstick still perfectly applied.

She goes to the cupboard, takes out a plate and begins serving herself some food.

DENISE

Has this just come out?

MARIANNE

About five minutes ago. I made some salad.

Denise looks up at the windows.

DENISE

Could you not have drawn the curtains, Marianne?

Marianne looks.

MARIANNE

It's literally only just started to get dark.

DENISE

You've got the heating on full and the curtains wide open -

Denise goes to the fridge and takes out a bottle of wine. She pours herself a glass.

Denise leans against the counter, drinking the wine slowly. She takes out her phone and starts composing an email.

MARIANNE

Did you have a good day?

Denise doesn't reply. She's typing on her phone.

DENISE

Hm?

MARIANNE

(sitting back down)

I was just asking if you'd had a good day.

DENISE

Depends what you mean by good. Get rid of one client and another one arrives.

MARIANNE

Isn't that good business?

Denise smiles.

DENISE

Yes.

Marianne resumes eating.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Where's your brother?

Marianne shrugs.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Don't shrug, Marianne.

MARIANNE

I don't know. I haven't seen him.

Denise rubs her forehead. Drinks the wine.

DENISE

How was school?

She nods.

MARIANNE

Yeah. Good. I got my English back.
The mock.

DENISE

And?

MARIANNE

I got an A1.

DENISE

Good girl.

The noise of the front door being opened and closed.

ALAN (O.S.)
(calling out)
There any food?

Denise puts her phone down.

DENISE
Your sister reheated a lasagne.

Marianne doesn't look up.

ALAN (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Good effort Marianne.

ALAN (20s) enters, kicking his shoes off as he bowls in. They slide across the floor.

DENISE
How was your day?

Alan goes to the lasagne, takes a plate and begins serving himself.

ALAN
Alright. Not too busy.

DENISE
Are you out this evening?

Pushes food into his mouth. Nods. Swallows quickly.

ALAN
Yeah.
(to Marianne)
Cos I've got this thing called a social life.

MARIANNE
Right.

ALAN
You know, with like, actual friends.

MARIANNE
Lucky you.

DENISE gives Marianne a look.

Marianne, resigned, starts to eat. The fork scrapes against the plate.

6A EXT./INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. MORNING.

6A

MARIANNE arrives at school, walking through the corridor. Other students mill around, going to their lockers, chatting.

7

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. MORNING. SAME.

7

CONNELL is sitting on the ground, with his back against a row of lockers. ROB and ERIC are either side of him.

ERIC

You know what they should do, they should just fuck the ball up the pitch to you - tell them I told you.

ROB

Route one. Only way to go.

RACHEL approaches.

ERIC

How's things, Rachel. We're talking tactics for the big game.

RACHEL

How incredibly boring of you.

ERIC

You get your hair done did you?

Rachel stands in front of them.

RACHEL

I did, yeah.

ERIC

Very pretty.

RACHEL

Thanks. Can I use my locker, by any chance?

MARIANNE goes to her locker.

Connell stands up to let Rachel to the locker behind him. His eyes might flicker to Marianne. Rachel looks up at him, locking eyes. Small smile. Eric and Rob hurry to stand up too.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Yeah, I sort of need you to move, Connell.

He reddens. Steps to the side. They start to walk off. Rachel watches them go.

8

INT. MR KERRIGAN'S CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON, LATER.

8

The class is full and quiet. Students sitting at individual desks, mostly with the air of working diligently.

MR KERRIGAN (30s, kind face) is standing at the front, teaching. He's talking them through something particularly dry.

MARIANNE is sitting at the edge of the class, staring out of the window. She's not paying attention. She's staring at the bare trees, the wet windowpane. She watches this for a while, his voice a hum in the background, until the sound of her name snaps her out of her reverie.

MR KERRIGAN
Marianne. Marianne Sheridan -

She snaps her head around. The rest of the class are looking at her, smiling. She's vaguely aware of CONNELL's face blurred in the background.

MARIANNE
Yes.

MR KERRIGAN
Something outside caught your attention?

She stares at him like he's stupid.

MARIANNE
I suppose so.

He nods, slowly - also looking at her like she is stupid.

MR KERRIGAN
Eyes forward please.

MARIANNE
I wasn't aware my eyeline fell under the jurisdiction of school rules.

There is a pause. Students looking a little restless and bored.

MR KERRIGAN
You trying to impress your classmates?

She doesn't say anything.

MR KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
They don't look too impressed to me.

MARIANNE
No, I'm pretty sure I was just looking out the window.

People are starting to get pissed off. Blowing their cheeks out, shaking their heads, putting their heads on their desks. Her grandstanding is tiresome.

Next to her, ERIC sighs loudly.

ERIC
(under his breath)
Come on Sheridan.

Connell is staring at her. He looks a little fearful.

MR KERRIGAN
If you're staring out of the window
daydreaming, then you're not
learning, are you Marianne.

MARIANNE
(snapping)
Don't delude yourself. I have
nothing to learn from you.

Eric tips his head back - for fuck's sake.

Mr Kerrigan is clearly trying to compose himself, trying to figure out the best course of action. She watches him.

MR KERRIGAN
Okay. In that case. Principal's
office.

Marianne stands up, gathering her things.

MARIANNE
Yeah, I might go there, or I might
go home. It's not really your
business what I do, is it?

Mr Kerrigan and Marianne stare at one another. She leaves the classroom. There is a silence. Mr Kerrigan tries to smile, to regather.

ERIC
Don't worry sir. She's a psycho to
everybody -

MR KERRIGAN
Yeah, d'you want to follow her,
Byrne?

ERIC
No sir.

Connell is chewing his thumbnail.

9

INT. SCHOOL CANTEEN. LUNCH.

9

CONNELL and his friends sit around a table eating wedges, sausage rolls, sandwiches wrapped in tinfoil. RACHEL, KAREN and LISA sit with him. ROB and ERIC are standing - they've just joined them.

At a table nearby, by the window, MARIANNE is reading a novel, eating a yoghurt. Others at her table don't pay her, or the following conversation, any attention.

ROB
(calling over to Marianne)
You enjoying your book there are
you?

Connell looks up and sees Marianne. A confused expression comes over his face - thoughtful, a bit fearful again. He quickly looks away.

Marianne does not look up.

ERIC
Not getting distracted by the
fucking window?

Rob sniggers.

ROB
You really showed him, Sheridan.
'Might to go the Principal's
office. Might go home. Might go eat
a yoghurt 'cos I'm such a legend.'

Eric laughs.

ROB (CONT'D)
Kerrigan was in a foul mood after
you pissed off, so thanks for that.

Marianne turns a page. It's hard to tell whether she is ignoring them or engrossed in her book, her expression is impossible to read.

ERIC
Here. We're saying thanks for that
Marianne. Cheers for ruining our
day -

KAREN
Ah shut up, it wasn't that bad. I
thought it was kind of funny
Marianne -

They look at her. She takes a mouthful of yoghurt, and as she does a huge dollop spills on her shirt.

The others fall about laughing, save for Connell who looks away and Karen who makes a sympathetic face.

RACHEL
(quiet)
Oh for fuck's sake. That is
absolutely tragic.

10 INT. SCHOOL TOILETS. MOMENTS LATER. 10

MARIANNE is standing in the toilets, in front of the sinks. She has unbuttoned her shirt and is rinsing off a small stain in the sink, wearing just her bra.

The door opens and RACHEL comes in.

When she sees Marianne, she stops and stares.

RACHEL
Um. Excuse me?

Marianne lifts her blouse, inspects it under the light.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Am I disturbing you, Marianne?

She looks up at her, narrows her eyes. She's not remotely embarrassed.

MARIANNE
No. Obviously not.

Marianne steps over to the hand dryer.

RACHEL
You just thought you'd take your
top off in the toilets?

Marianne looks at Rachel like she is extraordinarily stupid. And then she puts her shirt under the dryer - the noise stopping any further conversation.

Rachel stares at her.

10A OMITTED 10A

10B OMITTED 10B

11 OMITTED 11

11A INT. BUS. LATER, AFTERNOON 11A

MARIANNE is sitting at the back of a stopped bus, on her way home.

The engine starts, and it begins to drive off.

11B INT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 11B

MARIANNE sits in the empty house, reading a book.

12 EXT. GAA FIELD. SAME. 12

CONNELL and his teammates - KIERNAN, JACK, ROB and others run laps around the pitch and practice penalties while MR KERRIGAN shouts instructions and MR WALSH (40s) blows a whistle. It's cold out and getting dark. Their breath is misty in the air.

13 INT. CONNELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT. 13

CONNELL arrives in from training looking flushed and tired. He dumps his gym bag on a kitchen chair and goes to the fridge, taking out a bottle of milk and a plate of food with clingfilm on it. He peels off the clingfilm and puts the plate in the microwave. His phone rings. He glances at it - Rachel. He leans against the fridge. Takes a swig of milk.

14 OMITTED 14

14A INT. ALAN'S CAR. 14A

ALAN and MARIANNE are in the car together, listening to talk radio. It's lashing rain against the windscreen. Alan's phone rings and he puts it on speakerphone to answer. The voice is his co-worker, Ger. From their conversation we get the sense Alan is desperate to please Ger, affecting a laidback tone that seems strained.

ALAN

Hello?

GER (O.S.)

(through phone)

Hey, how's it going -

ALAN
Good, yeah -

GER (O.S.)
(through phone)
Listen, any chance of a lift in?
I'm after missing the bus and,
look, I know I can't be late again -

ALAN
Yeah, yeah sound. You're at the
house are you? I'll swing around
for you now -

GER (O.S.)
(through phone)
Best boss ever.

ALAN
No bother at all man. Stall it
there, I'll see you in a few.

GER (O.S.)
Alright, cheers. Owe you one.

The call ends and Alan indicates to pull in at the side of
the road.

MARIANNE
What are you doing?

ALAN
Uhhh did you not hear that Entire
call - I've got to pick up Ger out
in Garryduff. You hop out here.

MARIANNE
Are you serious? I'll get drenched.

ALAN
Right, shit buzz for you pal. Maybe
you should learn to drive. Go on,
hop out, fuck off, go learn.

MARIANNE
You could at least drop me to the
lights.

ALAN
(smiling)
Marianne.

She sighs. Looks at him. What?

ALAN (CONT'D)
(still with a smile)
Get the fucking fuck out of my
fucking car, okay?

15 EXT. STREET. MORNING. 15

MARIANNE is walking to school in torrential rain. The streets are empty. She has no umbrella, no hood. She is completely soaked.

15A OMITTED 15A

15B INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. MORNING, MOMENTS LATER. 15B

MARIANNE is walking down an empty school corridor, soaked through.

16 INT. CLASSROOM. MORNING. 16

MISS NEARY (late 20s) is writing something on the board in front of a full classroom. It's still raining outside. MARIANNE is standing in the room, having just come through the door. She is dripping wet from head to toe.

MISS NEARY
Class begins at nine, Marianne.

MARIANNE
I'm aware.

She sits down and takes out her pencil case. CONNELL watches her from the back of the classroom. MISS NEARY stops writing and turns around, giving Marianne a look.

MISS NEARY
Excuse me?

MARIANNE
Can you just give me detention and move on?

Some of the others make a kind of mocking 'oooh' noise. Miss Neary looks at Marianne for a few seconds, assessing. Marianne looks back at her, blankly.

MISS NEARY
Right. Moving on then.

Connell stares at her.

16A OMITTED 16A

17 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. LATER. 17

CONNELL is at the door of the classroom, caught in a discussion with MISS NEARY. She is animated, smiling.

She bursts out laughing. Marianne edges between them to exit. Connell doesn't appear to notice her.

18 OMITTED 18

19 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR, DAY. 19

CONNELL, RACHEL, ROB and ERIC are walking to their next class.

RACHEL
I'm having people over. Friday,
after the match. Come celebrate. Or
drown your sorrows, whatever.

He nods, slow.

CONNELL
Okay. Cool.

She nods, smiles.

RACHEL
Great.

They arrive at the door to the classroom, where MARIANNE is waiting. Her hair's tied up, she looks more presentable than she did before. She pauses when she sees them all. Connell looks at her.

ERIC

What happened to you this morning?
You were looking a bit on the
drowned rat side.

MARIANNE

Thanks, yeah. It was raining.

She doesn't look at Connell, whose eyes keep flicking to her.

ROB

Should've brought an umbrella.

MARIANNE

Wise advice Rob, if not quite
timely.

He smiles.

RACHEL

You strip off in the toilets to dry
yourself again?

Marianne looks at Rachel.

MARIANNE

Not this time, no. Why, would you
like an invitation next time?

ERIC

'Give me a detention and move on'
was a good one.

MARIANNE

I'm glad you enjoyed it Eric.

ROB

The shit you get away with because
you're smart.

MARIANNE

I understand you're at a
disadvantage there.

ROB

Fuck off.

MARIANNE

Touché.

Rob rolls his eyes, turning away from her.

Connell looks at Marianne. She looks back at him.

The bell rings.

CUT TO:

20 INT. PHOTOCOPYING AREA - DAY, LATER

20

End of the school day. CONNELL walks up with his bag practice. Other students are walking through the corridor, with their bags, leaving school. MARIANNE is alone, waiting outside a classroom. CONNELL hesitates when he sees her, but it's too late, she looks up, and their eyes meet.

CONNELL

Hi. You not heading home no?

MARIANNE

I did actually get a detention.

CONNELL

Sorry.

She shrugs.

MARIANNE

Technically I asked for it.

He puts his hands in his pockets, takes them out again.

CONNELL

You were fairly harsh on Kerrigan
the other day as well.

She shrugs and looks at Connell. He can't hold her gaze, and looks down at his feet.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

He's pretty decent, I don't get why you had to have such a go.

MARIANNE

I object to every thought or action or feeling of mine being policed like we're in some authoritarian fantasy -

He sighs, but with a smile.

CONNELL

But it's not that is it? It's just school. It's the same for everyone. It's not unique for you.

She looks at him.

MARIANNE

You try to act like your friends but you know you're not that kind of person.

CONNELL

I'm not acting. Maybe I am that kind of person.

MARIANNE

Why are you talking to me then?

They share a look for a second.

He looks around. Down at his feet.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

What was Miss Neary talking to you about after class?

He frowns. Shrugs.

CONNELL

Oh. Nothing. I don't know. Exams?

MARIANNE

She must find exams highly amusing then.

His ears start to redden, he shakes his head.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Does she fancy you or something?

CONNELL

Why d'you say that?

She looks up sharply.

MARIANNE

God, you're not having an affair
with her are you?

Connell looks deeply uneasy.

CONNELL

Obviously not. D'you think it's
funny joking about that?

She feels chastened.

MARIANNE

Sorry.

She looks thoughtfully at him.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

You're right, it's not funny. I'm
sorry.

He looks away. Then back at her. He rubs his head.

CONNELL

Why are people are always going on
at me that I fancy her or whatever.

She shrugs.

MARIANNE

Maybe because you blush a lot when
she talks to you. But, you know,
you blush at everything.

CONNELL

Thanks.

MARIANNE

I guess you have one of those
complexions.

CONNELL

Great.

MARIANNE

You're blushing right now actually -

CONNELL

Yeah, I'm aware.

He closes his eyes.

She smiles. Laughs a little. He opens his eyes. Looks away.

MARIANNE

I don't care if you're blushing. I
won't tell anyone.

He's quiet. A bit annoyed.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Okay. Sorry.

She follows his gaze.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

I don't want to get into a fight
with you.

Pause.

CONNELL

We're not fighting.

MARIANNE

I know you probably hate me, but
you're the only person who actually
talks to me.

CONNELL

I never said I hated you.

She flicks her eyes from the window to him. She stares. He
looks down. Shifts the weight between his feet.

Then he looks up.

MARIANNE
 (slowly)
 Well. I like you.

They stare at one another.

Another student walks up, also to go to the detention room.
 Connell immediately turns around to leave.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
 Good luck in the match tomorrow.

Connell turns around, nonplussed.

CONNELL
 Right. Thanks.

He looks at her for a moment.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
 I should go.

She nods.

Finally he leaves.

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. KITCHEN, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. EVENING. LATER. 22

MARIANNE is eating on her own. DENISE is standing at the kitchen island. She has a stack of papers she is leafing through. She drinks a glass of wine.

DENISE
 I got a text this morning saying
 you were late for school.

MARIANNE
 Mmmm.

DENISE
 What happened.

MARIANNE
 Alan wanted to give a lift to
 someone from his work so he dropped
 me off at the sports centre and I
 had to walk.

DENISE
 And you decided to take your time
 about it, did you?

MARIANNE

No. It was raining. So. Not much
incentive to linger.

DENISE
Why were you late then?

MARIANNE

Because it's slower to travel by foot? You know the way cars go faster than people?

DENISE

Marianne.

Denise rubs her head.

Marianne shoots her a look: What?

DENISE (CONT'D)

And I got a call from the head of your year. I was presented with a list of complaints about your attitude.

Marianne breathes in through her nose. Sighs.

DENISE (CONT'D)

You told one teachers you had nothing to learn from him?

Marianne presses her lips together.

MARIANNE

Which is true.

DENISE

You can't speak to your teachers like that.

MARIANNE

Why not?

DENISE

Why are you making life so difficult for yourself?

MARIANNE

This is just my personality.

Denise drinks. Shakes her head.

DENISE

We all make choices Marianne. You are choosing to be like this.

Marianne moves the food around her plate.

23

INT. CONNELL'S KITCHEN. EVENING, SAME.

23

CONNELL and LORRAINE are eating together at the table. Something warm and homely - a pie or stew. They talk over one another - it is affectionate.

CONNELL

If I knew what I wanted to study I
would obviously tell you.

LORRAINE

You must have some idea - use a fork Connell -

CONNELL

Nope. I know what I don't want to study and that's about it.

LORRAINE

Jesus. How long's that list?

CONNELL

Pretty long.

LORRAINE

Well that's a really great way to go about deciding Connell. Rule out Marine Biology and Astrophysics and all the rest til you end up with one.

CONNELL

I could be a Marine Biologist.

She rolls her eyes.

LORRAINE

Sure. That seems like your area of interest. You've not got long, form's due soon.

CONNELL

Yeah, I'm aware.

LORRAINE

Come on. Eat up. Need your energy.

He makes a face.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

You all set for tomorrow?

CONNELL

Yeah fine.

LORRAINE

You'll put the fear of god into them.

She laughs. He rolls his eyes.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Go on, make a muscle!

Connell can't help it. Breaks into a laugh as well.

23A OMITTED 23A

24 INT. BUS. MORNING. 24

The bus is packed with students in groups of four or five, wearing school jerseys and carrying flags in the school colours. RACHEL, LISA, KAREN and ERIC all on board, as is MISS NEARY.

MARIANNE boards the bus alone. She throws her bag down on the seat beside her. ERIC, sitting in the seat behind her.

ERIC
Sweet of you to come support,
Marianne.

MARIANNE
Obviously if I could be anywhere
else now, I would be.

ERIC
You'd make quite a cute cheerleader
I reckon.

She stares at him, unamused.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Come on, you love it -

She ignores him. Another student greets Eric and he turns away from Marianne. Marianne pointedly puts her headphones on.

25 EXT. GAA FIELD. A LITTLE LATER. 25

It's cold and a bit miserable. MARIANNE hangs at the sidelines shivering in her coat whilst the others cheer and huddle together.

MR KERRIGAN shouts instructions. MR WALSH stands on the side with a clipboard.

CONNELL is playing centre-forward, lamely gesturing for the ball when it gets anywhere near the box, but to no avail.

Finally, a set piece goes awry at the other end, leaving the opposition vulnerable. Connell takes advantage of the mishap and makes a run up the pitch. Marianne is watching now. Through no great show of skill, he manages to get past the keeper and score. The crowd goes wild, jumping up and down and hugging one another.

His teammates embrace him, pile on top of him, scream his name.

The students at the sidelines are jumping up and down, punching the air.

Marianne looks at Connell. He looks so happy. His face is flushed, he's sweaty and covered in mud and grass stains, and his smile is so big and broad.

She smiles as we hold on her face, watching him.

26 INT. BUS. LATER.

26

CONNELL climbs onto the bus and is greeted with cheers and whoops and shouts of 'Waldron'. (NB MISS NEARY is teacher on the bus)

He looks wrecked - but pleased and proud. He grins.

MARIANNE is sitting on her own, a few rows back. He sees her watching. She looks away, out of the window. Then suddenly feels his presence by her seat.

He sits down next to her - the bus is packed so it doesn't seem like a choice. Rachel notices.

People lean over from behind and beside them to slap his shoulders and congratulate him.

He just sits there, his breath a little heavy, his cheeks still flushed, grinning at people, but not saying anything.

The hairs on Marianne's arms stand up. She is overwhelmed by his physical presence, her breath is shallow.

He glances at her. Then looks away, closing his eyes. The bus starts to move.

26A EXT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE. - AFTERNOON, LATER

26A

CONNELL pulls up to Marianne's house, changed out of his kit and back into his normal clothes.

27 EXT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

27

The same blue front door.

It opens and LORRAINE is in the doorway. CONNELL stands outside.

LORRAINE

Come on in. Sorry, I'll be as fast
as I can.

He steps in and closes the door behind him.

27A INT. HALLWAY, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 27A

CONNELL makes to follow LORRAINE into the kitchen but she stops him.

LORRAINE
I've just finished mopping - get
yourself somewhere else. And well
done. Man of the match.

Connell grins.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Marianne told me. Congratulations.
Now bugger off.

She goes into the kitchen to finish cleaning the floors.
Connell wanders into the dining room.

28 INT. DINING ROOM, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER. 28

CONNELL is standing in a spacious, bright room with a large fireplace and expansive bookshelves. He walks over to them and examines the spines of books. He takes down a novel - The Golden Notebook - and looks at it, turning it over in his hands.

MARIANNE (O.S.)
You played well today.

Her voice gives him a jolt. He turns and MARIANNE is standing there, in the doorway. She's changed out of her school clothes - she's in black jeans and a soft jumper.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't mean to sneak up on
you.

He shakes his head.

CONNELL
Yeah, I saw you cheering for us.
That was nice of you.

MARIANNE
I can be nice.

CONNELL
I know you can. You know, you act a
certain way in school but I don't
think you're like that really.

She flushes a little at this.

MARIANNE

What am I like really?

Connell gives a funny smile but says nothing. He looks at the door as if expecting his mother to come in any moment. When nothing happens he seats himself on a chair, still holding the book. Desperate not to let the conversation go, Marianne continues.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

(nodding at the book)

You can borrow it if you like. The book.

He looks at it.

CONNELL

I've actually read it already. I don't know why I picked it up.

MARIANNE

Any good?

CONNELL

Yeah. I liked it. You would enjoy it, I think. It's got a lot about feminism and all that.

MARIANNE

Do your friends know you read so much?

CONNELL

They wouldn't really be interested in that stuff.

MARIANNE

You mean they're not interested in the world around them.

He frowns a little. Bends the book in his hands.

CONNELL

Not in the same way as we would. They have their own interests I suppose.

MARIANNE

Right. Like bragging about who they're having sex with.

He pauses. Careful, interested, but cautious.

CONNELL

Yeah. They do a bit of that.

She pulls a face.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
I'm not defending it.

MARIANNE
Doesn't it bother you?

CONNELL
Most of it wouldn't. Maybe they go a bit over the line sometimes. And that would bother me, obviously. But they're my friends. It's different for you.

MARIANNE
Why is it different?

He shrugs. She has been worrying her hands for a while. She rubs her head. She's frustrated. He looks down.

CONNELL
You know you were saying. The other day. That you like me. By the photocopier you said it.

MARIANNE
Yeah.

CONNELL
Did you mean like as a friend or what?

She stares down at her lap.

MARIANNE
No. Not just as a friend.

He pauses.

CONNELL
Oh, okay. Yeah I thought that was implied but I wasn't sure.

He nods. There is a silence, which Marianne finds almost unbearable, her hand is at her neck, almost pinching the skin.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
I'm kind of confused. About what I feel. I think it would be awkward in school if anything happened with us.

MARIANNE
No one would have to know.

They look at one another.

They hold it for a few moments, each feeling apprehensive, confused, nervous.

Then he kisses her, soft and then firmer, both of his hands still on the book.

They part. He looks down at the book. She looks shell-shocked, disorientated. She touches her lip.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

That was nice.

He nods, once. Swallows. Doesn't look at her.

She starts to laugh. He looks flustered.

CONNELL

Alright. What're you laughing for?

MARIANNE

Nothing.

CONNELL

You're acting like you've never kissed anyone before.

MARIANNE

I haven't.

He puts his hand over his eyes, rubs a temple. She laughs again, she can't stop, and he starts laughing too. His ears are red. He puts the book back on the coffee table.

They look at one another.

CONNELL

Don't go telling people in school about this, okay?

She moves her jaw. Looks a little defiant.

MARIANNE

Like I'd talk to anyone in school.

He chews his lip. Leaves the room. She touches her lip.

29

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE. LATER.

29

CONNELL pauses outside Rachel's house. His breath is ever so slightly shaky and thin. He looks down at his hands.

30

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE. EVENING.

30

A house party. Bad music on the speakers, cracked plastic cups on the table, cheap cans - in what is a nice, Celtic Tiger looking kitchen. LISA, ERIC, ROB, KAREN, KIERNAN, JACK all in attendance.

CONNELL has just entered, and is receiving cheers and back slaps from classmates.

KIERNAN tries - and fails - to begin a chant of 'Waldron! Waldron!'

RACHEL comes in from outside, dark eyeliner on, loose hair and a slinky dress.

RACHEL
Man of the hour.

He smiles.

CONNELL
Not really.

RACHEL
Thought you changed your mind.

He shakes his head. Shrugs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Well, I'm glad you're here.

He nods.

CONNELL
Yeah.

RACHEL
What can I get you to drink?

He looks around, smiles awkwardly.

CONNELL
Whatever there is. I don't mind.

She takes a beer and presses it into his hands. She smiles. He does a little cheers. Then knocks it back.

31

INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. SAME.

31

MARIANNE is lying on her stomach on her bed. She is still giddy. She touches her lip.

She smiles.

32 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. MORNING. 32

Saturday. CONNELL is lying in bed. His eyes flick open. He's hungover. He sits up. Rubs his head.

33 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. MORNING. 33

Monday. The corridor is busy with students going to and from lockers and towards classrooms.

MARIANNE is gathering books at her locker. She hears CONNELL's friends greeting him as he enters. She looks over. RACHEL is leaning against the wall, looking at her phone, KAREN is getting things from her locker.

ERIC

What's the craic, Waldron? You were on form on Friday. You must have been feeling it the next day.

ROB

You were almost as drunk as Rachel -

RACHEL

Fuck off Rob. You passed out in a hedge.

ROB

That I did. It was a good night.

RACHEL

It was a good night.

Rachel walks off. Connell rubs his head. He is studiously avoiding looking at Marianne, who closes her locker and walks away.

ERIC

(to Connell)

Don't suppose you have the French homework handy?

CONNELL

I do, yeah.

ERIC

Good lad. Can I get it off you before break?

CONNELL

Yeah. If you want.

The others start to leave as the bell rings. He closes his locker. Puts a hand on it to steady himself.

- 34 INT. CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON, LATER. 34
- From above we see the full class sitting at desks, heads bent over books at desks.
- MARIANNE keeps her head down. CONNELL cannot help but keep stealing glances and looking at her. He rubs his wrist between finger and thumb.
- 35 EXT. STREET. AFTERNOON, LATER. 35
- MARIANNE is walking to the bus stop. She is distracted. She looks around.
- 36 INT. CONNELL'S CAR. AFTERNOON, SAME. 36
- CONNELL is driving. He has music on. He taps the wheel. Rubs his head. He's distracted. Suddenly, he indicates and turns - changing the way he was originally planning on going.
- 37 EXT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER. 37
- The blue door.
- It opens and MARIANNE is standing there. She looks surprised. CONNELL looks at her, also a little surprised to find himself there.
- MARIANNE
Your Mum's not here.
- He looks around him.
- CONNELL
Yeah. Look. Can I come in?
- She looks thoughtful. Cautious. Then stands to the side a little, to indicate that, yes. He can come in.
- 37A INT. HALLWAY, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 37A
- CONNELL and MARIANNE walk down the hallway towards her living room.
- 38 INT. LIVING ROOM, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 38
- MARIANNE and CONNELL enter the sitting room. He stands by the door. She stands a little away from him.
- MARIANNE
Are you going to start kissing me again?

CONNELL

What do you think?

She breathes, slow.

And then he does kiss her. Their hands by their sides, the kiss grows long and deep. He brings his hands to her face, she feels like her knees might buckle. He senses this, seems to hold her up by her face.

They pull back. Her eyes are closed, her face still pointing up at him. He tips his head, looks down at her, studying her in detail whilst he can do so unobserved.

She opens her eyes.

MARIANNE

Can we take our clothes off?

CONNELL

No.

He shakes his head. Lets go of her. And she does buckle a little. She sits on the sofa.

CONNELL

No. This is. Stupid. We should stop.

She holds her lip, as she did before.

MARIANNE

Am I supposed to know what's going on here?

He sighs.

CONNELL

No. No. I don't know.

They look at one another. His body seems to slacken when this happens - any resolve he has, changes.

CONNELL

I've got a free house. On Saturday. You could come over then. If you wanted.

She bites her lip. Nods.

MARIANNE

Yeah. Yeah I'd. Yeah, I'd like that.

They stare at one another, their breath a little shallow, as though one of them is about to say something.

And then it cuts to black.